A PILLAR

Set upon the Grave of the Reverend

Dr. Robert Wilde.

1679.

A Prophet and a Poet both! In both
Excelling and Renowned! Oh, how loth
The Merry World's to part with such a Wit,
Sober Professors lother are to quit
Their Soul-concerns in such a sound Divine,
In whose *Seraphick* Lectures forth did shine
The Lights and Warmth of the Eternal Spirit,
Who (bound up in one Volumn) did Inherit
The Poets Lawrel, and the Prophets Crown,
Yet rougher Hands did brush his Learned Gown:
So hard a Task it is to please a World,
That into various Shapes and Humour's hurl'd.
Such a Grave Preacher cannot versifie,
Such a wild Phansie cannot Prophesie:
Too light and Aery's Poems did appear;
Too home, Phanatick-like, his Sermons were.
And Law-Conformity he did express,
In Church-Liturgicks, and the *Levites* dress:
A Scholar and a Droller, a Divine
And jerking Satyrist met in one Line:
But these Errata's in near Seventy Pages,
Will meet with Candid thoughts in milder Ages.
Many the Loss of such a Preacher weep;
Many Lament so great an *Ovid's* sleep.
But sure the Jolly part out-numbers those
Whose Hearts were Ravish'd with his Heavenly Prose.
The World's great Common's flock'd with Goats and Swine,
They're few whose Souls those Sacred flames Refine:
But what if Pregnant Wits in silence lie,
Yet shall the Spirit be poured from on high:
Then from the Root of *Jess* green Plants shall spring,
And Young *Neophytes* Preach up *Zion's* King:
Though Doctor after Doctor Death degrade,
Yet our clear Sky *Rome's* Fogs shall never shade.
Nor shall *Trent-Fathers* our pure Cannon alter,
Though Monks escap'd the Canonizing-Halter:

But Oh ----- how did his ſad Diſciples ſhriek,
When in his Chair and Parlour they did ſeek
Doctor and Doctrine? But -----
Hee, ſtifled by an Aſthma, was ſuſpended,
And, wanting Breath to Preach, his Life ſurrendred;
Calling for Angels to hoyſt up his Soul
On ſwifteſt Wings unto his Glorious Goal,
Where thouſand times ten thouſands Chriſt ſurround;
Oh, that *Elijah's* Mantle may be found
Upon a Preaching Son, who may his Name,
His Gifts and Graces, and keep up his Fame;
That open Houſe for them may ſtill be kept,
Who oft have Heard and Pray'd, Rejoyc'd and Wept.
Though Biſhop Gout oft made him a poor Cripple,
Yet work'd he more for Chriſt than *Rome's* great Tripple:
His Chair leſs Fallible was than Porphiry Chair;
His Table's end help'd on that great Affair
Of Sainting Sinners more than Hallow'd Quires,
And Purg'd them more than Purgatory Fires.
But ſtay ---- 'tis not my Task to ſpread his Herſe
With *Panegyrick*, but *Elegiack* Verſe:
Nor drop my Tears upon the Poet's Urn,
But o're the Tomb of the Old Prophet Mourn;
And take my part amongſt thoſe mourning ones
Who do bewail his Loſs in ſhrilleſt Tones:
A Loſs ----- onely, compatible by ſuch,
Whoſe Hearts the Word Affectingly did touch;
Whoſe Drooping Spirits oft were lifted high,
And on Faith's Feathers Heaven-ward did flye:
May they hold up their flight to thoſe high Stories,
And He and They meet in th' Eternal Glories.
May we, awak'ned by his ſudden Change,
Watch, and be found ith' Temple's inner Range.
May we, awak'ned by theſe freſh Alarms,
Watch, and be found in Bleſſed Jeſus Arms:
And our Bleſt Souls, not hurt by Second Death,
May to the Lamb for ever Anthems breath.
To theſe great Options, let our Faith ſay I,
And let our Souls with Fervent Breathings cry,
Lord Jeſus, come, come quickly, *Zion* own,
Amongſt thy Saints advance thy Glorious Throne.

FINIS.